True Bills

by

GEORGE ADE

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"Go and square yourself with him."

TRUE BILLS

BY

GEORGE ADE

AUTHOR OF "PEOPLE YOU KNOW"
"BREAKING INTO SOCIETY"
"THE SULTAN OF SULU"

ILLUSTRATED

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The Fable of the Lonesome Trolley-Riders and Their Quest of Harmless Amusement

ONCE there were three Young Married Couples that used to bunch up of an Evening, so as to have some one else to look at once in a while.

They lived out towards the end of the Trolley Line and were acting as Decoys for a new Subdivision. It was a long Ride down to the Centre of Town, and nothing doing after one arrived there. So these Honeymooners, who lately had come out of the Trance and settled down to plain Housekeeping, had to organize a little Set of their own.

They played Ping-Pong until it became a Misdemeanor, and then Mrs. Frisbie organized a Reading Circle at which Works were read aloud and discussed. The Men were not very strong for that form of Revelry, so Mrs. Gillespie started in to revive some of the lively Games she had learned at Boarding-School. She had them doing Charades, also Cross Questions and Daffy Answers and another

peculiarly exciting form of Lark in which every one wrote something on a piece of Paper and dropped it in a Hat. These imitation Pastimes are not calculated to keep a Man up after 10 P.M., especially if he has been accustomed to playing the Ponies and doubling up on the First Eighteen. In a little while the Suburban Sextette arrived at the end of the String. Jack-Straws and Indoor Croquet no longer thrilled them. Six-handed Whist seemed to be out of the Question, so Mr. Frisbie, who had been an Indian before he did the Matrimonial Stunt, timidly suggested that Draw was about the only Game that would keep the Blood in Circulation six Nights out of every Week.

Mrs. Jinkins laid back on the Proposition because she was the Soprano in a Church Choir and did not wish to start any Talk. Mr. Frisbie and Mr. Gillespie assured her that Ten-cent Limit was not Gambling, because it was played merely for Fun, and that very often one would play all Evening and lose only a Dollar or so, or perhaps come out Even.

So the Gillespies gave a Poker Party. All of the Leaves were taken out of the Dining-Room Table and Mr. Gillespie had six Stacks all counted out when they sat down. The Chips were two Kopecks per Stack, and Mr. Gillespie said it was not necessary to show any Money on the Table. The Minute that he started in to Bank on this Basis, he was Loser.

Mrs. Jinkins sat next to her Husband so that he could look at her Hand every time and tell her what to do. It required fifteen Minutes to explain the Values of the Blues and Reds and the Significance of the Buck, and then there was a grand Getaway. Mr. Gillespie requested that there be no Talking and his Wife said she had just one more Question to ask—did a Flush mean all of one Color? Then he asked her if she had ever been to Night School and she gave him the Bessemer Eye and there was a painful Silence, broken only by Mrs. Frisbie, who laid down and asked if four, five, six, seven, eight meant anything. At which everybody else ducked

and she pulled in a White Bean and her Husband told her she ought to go back to Jack-Straws; but she said she didn't care, she won Five Cents. He told her to boost the Ante whenever she had a Pat Hand.

During the next Shuffle Mrs. Jinkins yawned and said she did not think Poker was much Fun. After she had her Hand, she showed it to her Husband. He took one Look at it and dropped out. Mr. Gillespie allowed that Hoyle did not say anything about Partners in Poker. When Mrs. Jinkins showed up three Bullets and bumped him for Eighty Cents, he made several other low Cracks about every one playing his or her own Hand.

It was evident that Mr. Frisbie and Mr. Gillespie were the only two who were up on the Game. They should have connected with all the Coin, only the Jinkins Family began to ring in Miracles on them. One time Mrs. Jinkins drew three and filled a rosy Flush. Mr. Gillespie was in with three Type-Writers and Mrs. Frisbie had an elegant Full House and six Cards held up. They fed in the

Checks until Mrs. Gillespie kicked and said it began to look like real Gambling, and then there was a Show-Down. Mrs. Frisbie seemed to be all the Money until they counted her Cards on her, and then they told her to back out. She said she was willing to throw away one Card, but it didn't go. Mrs. Jinkins took the Pot and made so much Noise about it that Mr. Gillespie began to act peevish. Mrs. Frisbie, being Flat, swiped one-half of what Mr. Frisbie had and never let on.

Then Mrs. Gillespie mistook a Four-spot for a Seven and was cleaned by the Jinkins Combination, so she dug into the Bank and took what was needed.

About 10:30, Mrs. Gillespie, who had tapped the Bank for seven large, iron Dollars and played them in, regardless, said, Oh, pshaw! they were not playing in real Earnest anyway, so she went into the other Room and began playing "Navajo" on the Piano. Mr. Frisbie had won $3 and his Wife had pinched it, Twenty Cents at a Clip, until he was down to one Blue and two Whites and

so Sore that he refused to speak to any one. The Jinkins Duo had their Heads together every Play. By trading Cards and building up Hands they succeeded in stinging the Expert about three times out of four. In the final Round of Roodles, preceding the Dutch Lunch, Mrs. Jinkins held up a Tray and a Nine and filled, and that was when Gillespie forgot he was a Gentleman and used some of the Language that he heard at a Club.

Mrs. Jinkins got on the High Horse and cashed in. She picked out the right Moment, because she had $13 50 in Velvet thrown up in front of her. Gillespie had Tabs against all the others, but they went right in to help out with the Music and left him there to Dig.

Mrs. Jinkins said it didn't seem right to take all that Money, but she got away with it, just the same, and then swore off, for fear some one in the Church would hear about it.

Mr. Gillespie still has the Tabs.

MORAL: In a Family Poker Game the only Man who invariably gets Stung is the Banker.

The Fable of the Poor Woman Who Had to Live in a House That Was Over-run by Anecdotes.

A GENTLEMAN with several Dialects once married a Woman because she had the Sense of Humor.

About the time she was up-stream with the Bait, but before he had used the Net, he would call on her and spring a Good One every little while. Whenever he told a ripe old Scandinavian Wheeze or an Irish Bull she would let out a Whoop and keel right over among the Cushions. He was an unqualified Hit and ran for nearly 100 Nights.

"She's the Strip of Calico for me," said the Private Comedian. "There's no chance of a Crust forming on our Married Life, for I can see a Future all rippling with Laughter. I shall be Funny Man and she can play Audiénce."

After they had been married a couple of years she knew his whole Repertoire backwards. He had a collection of Hostetters

that made Joe Miller seem comparatively Recent and he worked them off every time they had Company, but not at any other Time.

Her sense of Humor seemed to evaporate after she had heard some 4000 shine Catches told in parlor Dialect.

The story-telling Man dies like an Outcast if he is cut out of his usual Stunts.

In order that the Conversation might not lag she began to fill in by telling him what she thought of him.

At present his only happy Moments come when they have Friends to Dinner. She does not dare to choke him off and there is a tall Bouquet in the Centre of the Table so that he cannot see her Face.

MORAL: Only a very appreciative Woman enjoys one after hearing it 800 times.

The Fable of the Divided Concern That Was Reunited Under a New Management.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Firm doing Business under the Name of Hailfellow and Grouch.

They had a large Retail Establishment, upon entering which the Customer was greeted by the mingled Odors of Kerosene, Roasted Coffee, Leather, Herkimer County Cheese, Navy Plug, Dried Apples, and petrified Codfish. In the good old Summer-Time it was not necessary to go into the Store in order to get the complicated Aroma. Farmers driving by could come very near guessing what Hailfellow and Grouch carried in Stock.

The Firm did a Nice Business and used to split quite a Piece of Money every January 1st. But neither one was satisfied. Each felt that he was entitled to at least two-thirds of the Net Profits.

Mr. Hailfellow was the Hand-Shaker for the Outfit. His Long Suit was to know everybody and call him by his front Name.

On every pleasant Day he stood in front of the fragrant Emporium, in his Shirt Sleeves, holding a public Levee.

He was a quiet Josher and knew a lot of good Jokes that he had once heard in a Minstrel Show at Columbus, Ohio, and that made him very strong with the Country Trade.

Furthermore, he was a good Mixer. He belonged to the K. P.'s and the Odd Fellows and a few others, so that about four Nights out of the week he would fill his Pockets with mild Smokers, usually neglecting to make out a Ticket, and then he would pike for the Lodge-Room and let his Partner and the Boy with the Pink Shirt attend to the Store.

If there was an Auction Sale or a Baseball Game or a Circus anywhere within a Radius of twenty Miles, then Mr. Hailfellow would put on his Dark Suit and stand-up Collar and drive over, just to get his Mind off of his Business. In one Way and another he managed to keep his Mind off of Business about seven-eighths of the Time.

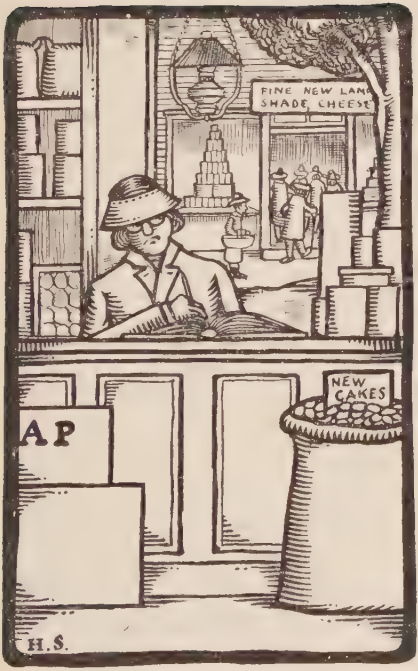
Mr. Hailfellow's public Levee.

Sometimes, when he was around the Store, and there was a Saturday Rush, he would have to wait on a few Customers, but he was a shine Salesman because he never could make out what the Cost-Mark meant.

Mr. Grouch, the Partner, possessed a Good Head for Business, but he had the Social Disposition of a Coffin-Trimmer. While Hailfellow would be up and down the Street, kidding the local Population and making himself well liked, Grouch would be in the back end of the Store straightening out the Books and figuring Discounts.

Grouch was at the Store by 7 o'clock every Morning, keeping Tab, for fear that some one who was No Good would get his Name on the Books.

Hailfellow would land in about 9.30 and open the Day by reading the Morning Paper through from the Weather Bulletin in front to the Testimonials on the last Page. After which he was ready to go out and plant himself on a Salt-Barrel and discuss the Issues of the Day.



Grouch keeping Tab.

Grouch had only one Day off in Four Years, and then he had to attend the Funeral of a Relative. So that when he did get a Vacation there was not much Enjoyment in it.

There was no denying his Industry, but no one liked him. He seemed to have some kind of an inward Grudge against every one who came in to buy a Bill of Goods. If a Customer remarked that it was a Nice Day, he didn't seem to believe it. The Trade would not have stuck at all, had it not been for Hailfellow, who had a way of giving Stick Candy to the Kids and beautiful Colored Pictures, advertising Breakfast Foods, to the Women Folks.

Each Partner naturally believed that he was getting the Short End of the Arrangement. They would go home and tell their Troubles to the Wives. Mrs. Hailfellow went around to Sewing Societies and Missionary Meetings telling how Mr. Hailfellow had to put up with a lot and was really the one who brought all the Trade to the Store.

Hailfellow giving Stick Candy to the Kids.

Mrs. Grouch loved to let all her Friends know that her Husband slaved like a Dog while the Partner soldiered, but, just the same, always came in on the cut-up of the Profits.

When the Wives begin to take part in a Business Row, the Dissolution Notice is about Due.

Hailfellow and Grouch agreed to disagree. Hailfellow took his Share and opened a New Place across the Street, with a Gilt Sign and nickel-plated Show-Cases.

Almost immediately it was the most popular Joint in Town. At Times there were as many as ten Men sitting around the Stove swapping Fish Stories. Hailfellow employed a couple of Clerks who knew more about a Cash Register than the Man that invented it.

He issued Pass-Books to all those who cared for his Jokes. The Drummers would jump several Towns in order to get to him in a Hurry, because, if Hailfellow liked a Drummer, he would order a thousand gross of Lamp Chimneys rather than appear cold and

unsociable. In a short time he had a Magnificent Stock, but he could not remember exactly how much it cost him. So he sold Goods at whatever seemed to be Reasonable and the Farmers drove long distances so as to give him their Trade.

In the meantime Grouch was reaping the sure Reward of one who is not kind to his Fellow-Man. People did not care to patronize one whose Conversation consisted very largely of Grunts, and why should they do so when they could go right across the Street and buy Stuff below Cost, and a Joke given away with every Purchase?

Grouch began to lose Money and the Rent ate up his Invested Capital. At last the Jobbers closed in on him and asked the Sheriff to step in, and the Sheriff said he would do so as soon as he got through closing up the Hailfellow Matter.

Mr. Hailfellow had done a rushing Business. He owed nearly every Wholesale House west of New York, and in addition to laying up the most remarkable mess of Junk

ever seen under one Roof, he had collected the Autograph Signatures of all the Paupers in the County. Four Experts worked for a Month trying to find out where he stood, and at last they figured out Fourteen Cents on the Dollar.

It is always pleasant to record a Reconciliation. After all their Differences and Misunderstandings, Hailfellow and Grouch came together and resumed Friendly Relations.

Both are employed by a New Concern which bought up the Bankrupt Stocks.

Grouch is keeping the Books at not very much per Month, and Hailfellow receives exactly the same Salary for standing around the front Doorway and glad-handing the Yaps.

Which proves that it is impossible for a Business Man to side-step his Destiny.

MORAL: Pick out the Other Kind for a Partner.

The Fable of the Family That Worked Overtime in Taking Care of Nellie.

ONCE there was a Happy Family that had a Cook who was almost too Good to be True. Her name was Nellie and she had come from down-trodden Europe, where Cooks have no such Rights as they enjoy in our glorious Country.

The Family used to declare that Nellie was the best single-handed Waffle Artist in the Business, bar none. Her Cream of Tomatoes made an awful Hit with the Company and Duck *à la* Nellie was very hard to beat.

All the Members of the Household thought so much of Nellie, especially when they remembered some of the Blacksmiths who had officiated at the Range, that they wanted to give her a Merry Christmas. They wanted her to be satisfied with her Place and stay on forever.

Therefore it came about that each of them, when he or she went out to do his or her Christmas Shopping, thought to itself: "There is poor Nellie. She has no Rela-

tions on this side of the Water, and if I don't give her something, she'll be left entirely."

So Mother gave Nellie a swell Imitation Lamb's-Wool Jacket and Father bought her a Goldine Watch that pinned on in front. One of the Boys gave her some White Gloves and another fixed her up with a Brooch that, if it had been real Turquoise, would have cost $1200. The Girls clubbed together and gave her a Twenty-eight-dollar Zibeline Suit with Box Pleats.

On Christmas Morning the grateful Nellie came in to thank them, but she broke down and wept into the Waffles.

"It's a Cinch," said the Family. "We've got her dead to Rights."

A few Days after that Nellie attended the Annual Ball given by the Slavonic Pleasure and Democratic Club. When she swept into the Ball-Room with her Zibeline, her Imitation Lamb's-Wool, the Brooch, the Watch, and the Gloves, she had Upper Fifth Avenue held to a Tie, at least.

A Butcher named Johnson hung around

her all Evening and soon began coming over to the House. He offered Nellie a Home and took her away.

It was six Months before the Family found another Girl who could cook Waffles.

MORAL: Give them Helpful Books.

The Fable of Successful Tobias and Some of His Happy New-Years.

ONCE there was a Financial Heavy-Weight, the Mile-Stones of whose busy Life were strung back across the Valley of Tribulation into the Green Fields of Childhood.

Like most of our Aristocrats, he got his Start out among the Corn-Rows.

His Youth was spent very happily, but he did not get on to the Fact until Years later. He used to work Fourteen Hours per for his Board and Clothes, and his only Dissipation was to take in the Swiss Bell-Ringers once every Season.

At the Close of every Year he was permitted to attend a Watch-Meeting at the Mt. Zion Church. The Watch-Meeting is a form of Gayety invented a long time ago by some one who was not feeling well at the Time.

The Outfit were supposed to sit for three or four Hours on the hard Benches, meditating on all the low-down, ornery Things they had done during the Old Year. Some of them

His only Dissipation.

had to hurry in order to crowd this Line of Meditation into a brief four Hours.

Now and then a local High-Guy with Throat Whiskers would arise and talk for a short time on the Subject of Death, and wonder how many of those present would be taken in by the Grim Reaper during the New Year.

Just at Midnight the Sexton would toll the Bell so as to cheer every one up. Then each of the Merry-Makers would go home and eat a Piece of Mince Pie and a Belle Flower Apple and retreat to the Feathers, feeling a little Ashamed for having stayed up so Late.

Later On, after Tobias moved into Town and began to wear Store Clothes and Stand-Up Collars and put Oil on his Hair, he encountered another kind of New-Year's Day.

The Era was that of the Open House. All the Women received, and the Men went over the entire Circuit and traded job-printed Cards for something to Eat and Drink.

This made it Fine for those who were not ordinarily invited into the Best Homes.

Permitted to attend a Watch-Meeting.

The Men roamed about in Flocks and usually they had a Hard Finish, for it was customary in those good old Days of Democratic Simplicity for every True Gentleman to take a Drink when it was proffered by the Hand of Lovely Woman.

And Lovely Woman seemed to regard it as her Assignment to put all of the Nice Young Fellows to the Bad.

It was customary to mix Tea, Coffee, Sherbet, Lemonade, Egg-Nog, Artillery Punch, Fizzerine, and Straight Goods until the Happy New-Year looked like a scrambled Rainbow and the last Caller was Sozzled.

Tobe used to go out every New-Year's Day to meet the Good-Lookers and fuss around with them, for those were his Salad Days. He made it a Combination Salad and philandered with about Seven before he took the Big Risk and bought a Home with a Mortgage Attachment and settled down.

Then the Happy New-Year began to have an entirely new Meaning.

He drew a Red Mark around January 1st,

for that was the Day when he had to make the Books balance and take up some big Note that was hanging over him like a Storm Cloud.

His usual Plan for celebrating the Happy New-Year was to sit in his Office figuring on how to trim the Pay-Roll and sneak up Selling Prices and keep out of the Sheriff's Hands for another Twelve Months.

But the Time came when Tobias could take out a Pencil on December 31st and compute a Net Profit big enough to fill a Furniture Van.

To all Intents and Purposes he had come to the High Ground where he could afford to sit down for a while and enjoy the Scenery.

He certainly possessed all the Accessories of a Happy New-Year.

He had a Bank Roll and a House on the Boulevard and a Wife who was slowly but surely worming her Way into Society.

He had a Son attending a high-priced University and gradually accumulating an Oxford Accent, while his Daughter was at a

School which used the French Novel as a Text-Book.

So, after all these Years of Struggling, Tobias knew what it was to have a genuinely Happy New-Year.

For when the Children came Home for the Holiday Vacation the busy Mrs. Tobias gave a big Dancing Party on New-Year's Eve, to say nothing of a couple of Luncheons and a Formal Dinner.

At these glittering Functions the Family did what it could to keep Tobias in the Background, for while he was a Corker when it came to doing a Fountain-Pen Specialty with a Check-Book, he was a Frosted Turnip when chucked into a Suit costing $100 and put down in a Marie Antoinette Apartment with a lot of Chaunceys who had been educated in the East.

He celebrated the Glad New-Year by standing around in Doorways and looking mournfully at the Light-Weights who were doing the Cotillon, and each of them having the Time of his Life.

Standing around in Doorways.

He saw his Wife hob-nobbing with a Human Pickerel whose only Excuse for being on Earth was that he looked well in Evening Clothes.

Daughter was dancing with a lovely Specimen of the night-blooming Rounder, and Son was passing Cigarettes. And no one was paying any Attention to the Provider.

So he made a quiet Retreat to his own Room and had a Glass of Milk sent up, and read the Market Report, and managed to put in a Pleasant Evening, after all, seeing the Old One out and the New One in.

MORAL: One New-Year is just about as Happy as another.

The Fable of the Red-Letter Night at Smartweed Junction.

ONCE there was an under-sized Town that had the Corn-Fields sneaking up on all sides of it, trying to break over the Corporation Line. People approaching the Town from the North could not see it, because there was a Row of Willow-Trees in the Way.

Here in this comatose Settlement lived a Family named Pilkins. The Pilkinses were all the Eggs in Smartweed. They owned a big General Store catty-cornered from the Court-House. It was well known that they sent to Chicago for their Clothes and ate Ice-Cream in the Winter-Time. The Pilkins Girls had been away to a Convent to have their Voices sandpapered and fitted to a Piano and they came back with the first Gibson Shirt-Waists seen in those Parts. Most of the Girls south of the Tracks were just getting wise to the Russian Blouse.

Along in May the Pilkins Family made its annual Play to set the Prairies on fire. Every

Adult in Town, except those who had Jail Records, received an Engraved Invitation to come up to the Pilkins House and take a peek at High Life. Within three Days you couldn't buy a Yard of Wide Ribbon in any Store and every Second Man in Mink Patterson's Barber Shop asked for a Hair-Cut. The R. S. V. P. down in one Corner of the Bid had some of the Brethren guessing for a while. There was no need of putting that on. It was an immortal Cinch that every one would turn out, if he had to be moved in on a Cot. About the only Entertainments they had in Smartweed Junction were "Uncle Tom" under a Tent and the Indian Medicine Troupe. Therefore, nobody was going to pass up the Pilkins Jamboree, for there was to be an imported Orchestra, costing $75, and Meals provided, and the City Caterer was to bring his own Waiters.

Everybody went home early that Day so as to take a good, thorough Scouring before getting into his Other Clothes. At Dusk they began wending their Way towards the

Pegged out and treated to Bach Music.

Pilkins Place, all looking a little worried and apprehensive. They were sorted out at the Front Door and led into Dressing-Rooms, pegged out along the Walls, fed on Macaroons, and treated to large Bunches of Bach Music. Every half-hour or so somebody would say something, and that would be a Cue for the others to shift their Feet.

The Punch-Bowl got the Cold Eye until it was learned that the Dyestuff was Aniline and not Rum, and then they stood around and dipped in until they were blue under the Ears.

About 11 o'clock the Japanese Lanterns began to burn up and a large number of People whose Feet were hurting them could be seen quietly Ducking. The Home Paper said it was the Event of the Season.

MORAL: Eat, Drink, and be Merry, for to-morrow ye Die.

The Fable of What Horace Stood For in Order to Land the Queen.

ONCE there was a Lover who was on the Ragged Edge of the Desert where the Old Bachelors live.

He was good and tired of the Aristocratic Boarding-House, in which one-half of the Women Folks are Private Detectives. This thing of living in a Pigeon-Hole and looking out at a Tin Roof had lost all Rarity and Charm for Horace.

He had gazed into the barren Future and made up his mind to Marry, even if he had to choke some Nice Girl in order to force her to say "Yes." He was all keyed up for Matrimony, and the next thing to do was to choose the Lucky Bride.

Horace had done more or less rehearsing and he was wise to the Fact that it is just as easy to love a Girl who has the Coin as it is to get dippy over the Honest Working-Girl. Some Men imagine that the Foxy Play is to grab off something that never owned any Sunbursts and Sable Wraps, and probably

she will be satisfied with Department-Store Belt Buckles and Nearsilk Trimmings.

But Horace observed that those who never had been strong enough to throw on the Lugs while they were living at Home, were the very ones who put Crimps into the Bank Account before the Honeymoon played out.

Horace often suspected that some of them hooked up merely to get a Whack at the Finery. But then, Horace was a regular old Cynic.

So he decided that he would pick one whose Folks had already bought for her about everything she would need.

After travelling the Beat for a Month and putting down Names in his Pocket Memorandum-Book, he drew a Red Mark around the Name of Lucille, and the same Day he sent her some Orchids and a New Book that he knew she would Enjoy, because it had such a Sweet Love-Story running through it.

Soon after that the Girl at Central began to know all about the Progress of the Affair. Lucille was all around the Neighborhood as-

suring People that, although Horace had been lovely to her and she esteemed him as one of her dearest and kindest Friends, there was really and truly nothing doing. Consequently, every one could see how it was going to turn out.

Horace had fondly supposed that the Recipe for becoming engaged was simply to warm up to the Girl until he could Hold Hands without using Brute Force, and then wait for the Psychological Moment. So one Night when Lucille looked up into his Eyes and said he was different from any other Gentleman she had ever met, he came back with the Speech. Her only Reply was to slip him one of Papa's Business Cards which she had ready for the Occasion.

"Go and square yourself with him," said Lucille.

Next Morning, Horace, wearing his best Bib and Tucker (also 8,000,000 Goose Pimples), was shown into Papa's Office. First he had to tell all about his Assets and his Business Experience, but that didn't take long.

Horace was shown into Papa's Office.

Then he told how much he saved every Month. If he swelled it a little, it was because he loved the Girl.

After he had answered all the Questions, he had to sit and listen to that well-known Monologue which is the Prize Specialty of the Self-Made Party who began Life by working for Seven Dollars per Month and saving Five Dollars of it. Lucille's Father said that Young Men nowadays are too extravagant and not half as Industrious and Keen as he had been about the Time that he escaped from the Farm. He sat there and hurled Bouquets at himself until his Arm gave out, after which he told Horace to go and fix it with Lucille's Mother.

Mother wanted to know, first, if he was willing to be married in the Episcopalian Church. He had to tell all about his Family. She seemed much relieved when she learned that he had Relatives in Virginia. Horace knew that part of it would be all right—unless she should happen to see the Relatives some Day.

She told him why a House was preferable to a Flat and scratched two or three of his Suggestions for Ushers. After letting him know that he would cut but little Ice at the Ceremony, she suggested that he go over and make himself solid with Uncle Samuel, because he had been accustomed to hold Lucille on his Knee when she was a mere Tot.

And, of course, that gave him a right to butt in on all Family Issues.

Uncle Samuel asked Horace what Church he attended regularly. The only thing that saved Horace was that he happened to remember the Name of a Church. Horace tried to side-step the Questions about Drinking and Smoking, but Uncle pinned him down, so he said that he had been tempted but he had not fallen, as yet.

After running the Family Gauntlet, Horace heaved a Sigh of Relief and believed that he had clinched all the Preliminaries. Not so. He had forgotten to fix it up with his own Firm.

An Employé can go on the outside and do almost anything and the Firm will not interfere, but the Minute he talks Marry, then old Mr. Side-Whiskers sends for him to come to the Private Office. The reason for this is that every Antique in the Wholesale District has a lot of cut-and-dried Advice which he loves to unload on any one who is compelled to stand and take it. So Horace learned from his respected Boss that for two or three Years the Couple should live on Cereal Food and make their own Clothes.

The next Bunch of Warning and Advice came from the True Friends at the Club. They put him down at a Table and sat around him and inhaled the Scotch until they were all Pie-Eyed, and then they told him what a Horrible Risk he was taking, and how not more than a half-dozen Married Men in town seemed really happy, and, although she was a Nice Girl, she had been engaged two or three times before, and Mother-in-Law would be a fierce Proposition.

For a Hammer Duet, the Men's Club

makes the Boiler-Works seem like the Hush of Death.

The Reader may suspect that Horace was actuated by Mercenary Motives. However, the fact that he went the Rounds and listened to every one and then married the Girl proves that he truly loved her.

MORAL: Elope.

The Fable of the Boy with the Steadfast Ambition.

IN a Small Place where the Local Freight stopped to rake out the Ashes and pick up a Car of Produce, there was a Boy who had set his Heart on being a Railroad Man. He would go down to the Depot and look at the Head Brakeman on No. 4, and say to himself: "Some Day I shall be like him if I improve my Opportunities and learn to make a Coupling on the Run without the use of a Stick."

He was down flipping the Trains every Day, in defiance of the Town Marshal, and he wore a flat-topped Hat, and Braid on his Clothes, and chewed Conductor's Delight. All that he needed to be a real Railroader was a large Silver Watch and a few Orders written on yellow Tissue-Paper.

It was a Proud Day when they put him on an Extra Run, for then he was privileged to speak of the Superintendent as the Old Man and wave his hand at all the Dining-Room Girls along the Line.

Just as he was becoming well acquainted with all the Agents and Operators and had acquired a large Vocabulary to be used in cussing the Engineer, he got what seems to be due every Brakeman. He was a little slow in withdrawing the Left Fin and the Bumpers caught him. When he came out of the Hospital his Left Hand looked like a Pair of Scissors. Then he was a sure-enough Railroader. He went back on the Road, and the next time they landed him Right. He got mixed up in a head-on Collision and a Gravel Train piled up on top of him. By the time the Surgeons had pared away what wouldn't be any more use to him he was trimmed down to about three-quarters Size. As soon as he got his Crutches he went back and got a Job on a Crossing, where his Duties were to wave a Red Flag and criticise the Policy of the Road. One Day his Uncle, a well-to-do Citizen, came along and said to what was left of him: "If you had taken my Advice, you would be a successful Business Man with the usual number of Arms and Legs."

Then the Remnant replied as follows: "When the Choo-Choo Microbe begins to work on a Man, he would rather be a crippled Brakeman than an athletic Bank President."

MORAL: He whose Soul is in Railroading never objects to being Marked Up a little.

The Fable of the Unfortunate Has-Been and the Sympathetic Conductor.

IN an open-faced Car sat a glib Person and a decrepit Old Gentleman with a haggard and sorrowful Frontispiece.

The two dropped into a Conversation and soon began opening up their Private Affairs, according to the Western Fashion. The glib Party told how much he was drawing and how he invested it, and all about several gigantic Schemes that he had under his Cuff. The Antique with the pall-bearing Face did not enthuse.

"Young Man, you will learn that Life is a series of wasted Opportunities and vain Regrets," he said. "When you are all in and a new Generation comes along and gives you a good swift Bump and you light on your Back over by the Fence, then you can lie there and look up at the Sky and count the Good Things that got past you."

With that the broken-hearted Patriarch sprang a lovely Bundle of Hard-Luck Tales. He pointed out a Corner Lot, now valued at a

The Antique with the pall-bearing Face.

Half-Million, that had been offered to him for $350. Once he had been given a Chance to trade a second-hand Buggy for a half-interest in a Patent that netted a couple of Thousand each Day. The Stock in the Street Railway Company he closed out at seven. Afterward it went to 293.

"I used to own the Ground where the First National stands," he said, with Tears in his Eyes. "Like a blithering Pin-Head, I traded it for a Team of Mules. If I hadn't been all kinds of a Ninny, I could have got in on the Ground Floor of the Standard Oil. And now I'm getting too old and weak to kick myself."

At the next Corner the ancient Wreck alighted and tottered on his Way.

"Is it not a Sad Case?" said the Young Man to the Conductor. "How bitter must be his reflections when he counts up what he might have nailed if he had been Foxy."

"Yes, I feel sorry for him," said the Humane Conductor, who was drawing Eight Dollars per Week. "All he can show is a

measly Two Millions. What breaks his Heart is that he doesn't own both sides of the Street and the Green Cars that run in between."

MORAL: The Kicker is the Man who gets Part of it.

The Fable of Another Brave Effort to Infuse Gentility into our Raw Civilization.

ONCE there was a beautiful Specimen of Veal named Oliver.

He had some Collateral which was not to be getatable until he had attained his Majority. The frugal Relative who bequeathed the Bundle had cut his own Hair and lived on Oatmeal for Years so as to get ahead of the Game. In the Will there was a Proviso that Ollie should come into His when he had arrived at the Age of Discretion.

Theoretically, any one who is twenty-one knows which way to Vote and how to protect his Capital.

In Reality, some Men vote like Pigeons even after they are going on sixty-two, and all the Front Rooms at the Poor-House are occupied by Elderly Gentlemen who started in at forty to whip-saw the Grain Market.

Ollie's People brought him up on the Cheaps so that he would learn to be Close and not frivol his Money. He wore Hand-

me-downs and Reversible Cuffs. He had one Cravat for Week-Days and a Black Satin Effect with a Red Coral Pin for Sundays. If he wanted a Pack of Cigarettes he had to hold out when he did the Marketing. All of his Smoking was done in Freight-Cars, for he was watched all the while, lest he should fall into Bad Habits.

On the Day which made him twenty-one Ollie procured him a Red Check-Book and began to experiment with it.

For Years he had nursed an Ambition to be a Nobby Dresser. Now that he had broken out and had Uncle's Stuff right in his Kick, there was nothing to prevent him from going as far as he liked.

So he ordered some Hot Suits with Silk Facing on the Lapels, and a fawn-colored Overcoat with Pearl Buttons about the size of Water-Crackers.

He began to wear Patent-Leather Shoes all the time and bought a large Spark for his Third Finger. After he got into his Gleeful Garments any one could tell, even by looking

All his Smoking was done in Freight-Cars.

at him from across the Street, that he was one of the Sure-Enoughs.

As soon as Ollie started to sprinkle his Currency up and down the principal Thoroughfares, he began to have a haunting Fear that some one might overlook the Fact that he was a Thoroughbred.

After a Family has had its Money for three or four Centuries, it gets out of the Habit of courting Sidewalk Comment. But a Nice Young Fellow of Gentle Birth who has been carrying his Roll some thirty Minutes has to go around opening Cold Quarts and telling how Good he is, or else the General Public would be a long time in finding out about it.

Ollie bought for a great many disinterested Acquaintances who told him right to his Face that he was a Gentleman of the Deepest Dye. And the way he roasted Waiters and Cabmen was calculated to convince the most Sceptical.

When he went travelling, he always stopped at the Hotel that had the largest Mirrors on

the Wall. All who heard him when he pounded on the Desk and demanded the Best Room in the House knew that they were standing in the presence of the Young Squire from Yapville-on-the-Crick.

It was quite a Job that Ollie had mapped out for himself. He was going to impress the World. And such a large World at that!

However, he tackled it bravely. He knew that in order to back up the Pearl Buttons and the Twenty-two-karat Ring he must needs be a Sport.

At the Track he loved to make a Swell Bet merely to cause Talk. He did not care to Win. A Winner never gets a Reputation for being Dead Game. The Boy who feeds in his large Bills without letting on is the one who wins the sincere Admiration of those who stand around such Places.

Ollie loved to stroll up to the Wheel and fool around with a long Stack of Blue Chips and get Stung for a paltry Hundred, and then stretch himself, as if longing for Excitement, while all the Eight-dollar-a-week Fel-

Ollie procured a red Check-Book.

lows looked at him in Awe and repeated his Name in Whispers. That was the kind of Glory that Ollie was after.

He began to have some Trouble in getting Things that were good enough for him. He paid Seven Dollars apiece for his Shirts, as a great many People afterward learned, and the Tobacconist had to send away for a Special Brand of Thirty-cent Cigars because Ollie hated the Cheap Kind. While out shopping, if the Salesman showed him a Pair of Silk Pajams for Sixteen Dollars, he always wanted to know if they didn't have something for Eighteen Dollars.

He bought the first Auto ever seen in the Place and took in the whole Circuit of Road-Houses every Day. Although six Months away from a Buttermilk Diet, he began to know all about Vintage Wines. He wore White Kid Gloves in the Morning and used three Quarts of Violet-Water in his Bath. He had more than two hundred Cravats, mostly Blue, and he went in for open-work Socks with his Monogram worked on the Side.

At the Theatre, he insisted on the Stage Box, and if the straw-colored Soubrine smiled at him he sent her a cart-wheel of Violets worth Forty Dollars.

His Suspender Buckles had Rubies set in them and he wore Inlaid Buttons with his Evening Clothes.

He was a Gentleman from away back. Everybody said that. He did not give any one a Chance to think differently.

Ollie was ready to go to any Length in order to demonstrate that he was Fine and Fancy.

One Day he counted up what he had left of Uncle's Money, and figured that if he continued to be the Real Thing he would last for about six Months.

He suspected that it would be a very foxy Move to begin to economize, but he was too proud to sacrifice that Reputation which he had built up with so much painful Effort. He couldn't bear the Thought of having it said that he was Piking and flying low.

Besides, he decided that he could avoid

He would last for about six Months.

going over the Dump by jumping into the Stock Market and buying 1000 Shares of something that was about to advance forty Points.

So he took some Advice, and now, this January, he is wearing the fawn-colored Benjamin with the Pearl Buttons, also the open-work Socks with the Monograms.

But he has this Consolation. All the other Has-Beens who stand around the Radiator with him, waiting for somebody to come in and Say Something, agree that he was a Bird for the time being.

MORAL: The Gentleman Business is handicapped by Overproduction and too much Competition.

The Fable of How Gertrude Could Keep It Up until Ten O'Clock in the Morning.

GERTRUDE had a Pa who wanted to know.

"It's all right to have your Harolds around the House," he said, "but why do you sit up half the Night every time one of them calls?"

"It is the Custom and it keeps him away from the Bar-Rooms," she replied.

"You may be doing it from a Sense of Duty, but you will have to show me," said her Father. "What in the Name of all Get-Out do you find to talk about? That one that's been around here lately could tell all he knows in twenty-five Minutes. Any time that he fills in from eight o'clock to Midnight he certainly has to do some Vamping."

"I assure you that he is a swell Converser," said Gertrude. "I could sit and listen to him by the Hour."

"If ever I sit and listen to him by the Hour, it will be to win a large Bet," said her Parent.

Gertrude and Harold.

That Night the inquisitive Father got behind a Curtain and listened. Harold had a Half-Nelson on Gertie and was trying to make it appear that he thought well of her.

"I don't believe you like me," said Gertrude.

"Oh yes, I do," quoth Harold.

"No, you don't."

"Yes, I do."

"No, you don't."

"Yes, I do."

On the seventy-second "Yes, I do" there was a Shriek and Gertrude's Pa came through the Curtains, having a Fit.

MORAL: Any kind of Conversation goes in a Clinch.

The Fable of How the Fearless Favorite from St. Louis Flagged the Hot-Looker Across the Way.

ONCE there was a Salesman who handled dried Fruits and registered from Saint Louey. He could tell about the Big Bridge and the Union Station and had a fifteen-minute Spiel touching on and appertaining to Desiccated Apples that was calculated to land the cross-roads Wanamaker.

Clarence, for such was his Name, had the Fatal Gift of Beauty and he was Wise to the Fact. He hated to turn out the Light at Night and have all his Good Looks go to waste for Hours at a Stretch.

What Nature had failed to do for him he did for himself. He kept his Neck neatly shaved and put Heliotrope on his Eyebrows and drank Florida Water to kill his Cigarette Breath before dashing into Society.

When Clarence had polished up his Rings and Stud with a Piece of Chamois and got into his Sack-Suit with the up-and-down

Clarence had the Fatal Gift of Beauty.

Stripe and put on his nobby white Hat with the black Band, you may think that he despised himself, but he did not. It was like breaking Home Ties for him to say goodbye to a Mirror.

Clarence was not entirely to blame for being so Popular with himself. A good many of the swellest Dining-Room Girls on the Short Line between Herodsburg and Vandalia had fought for the Privilege of bringing him his Ribs of Beef with Brown Potatoes.

Whenever he unpacked at a Hotel he put a Photograph of Himself out on the Dresser, so as to make the Room more cheerful.

One Day it befell that Clarence, the Woman-Catcher, was riding in a Day Coach, and having a great deal of Trouble with his Cuffs because they would not stay out the right Length. Now and then he looked out of the Window, so as to give the Ladies behind a chance at his Profile.

At one of the Stations something tailor-made with more than the usual number of

Eyes and the Style of a Frohman Leading Lady blew into the Car and seated herself opposite fascinating Clarence. He immediately tossed one Arm over the Back of the Seat so that she could get a Flash at the four-ounce Ring with the three Rock-Crystals in it. Also he began to do a Series of Living Pictures, at the same time sizing her carefully. She was about the gowniest he had seen since pulling out of Sedalia, and he decided that it was up to him to get acquainted.

He knew that he was taking a Chance, but an ordinary Toss had no Terrors for one accustomed to grappling with the Country Trade. So he took from his Grip a Copy of *Widow in Name Only*, by Ethel Gilblitz, author of *Lingering Love*, and the first thing she knew he was asking her if she wanted something to read.

Instead of trying to jump out of the Window, she received him with a glad Smile and moved over so as to make Room. At that Moment he realized that a Handsome Boy with Nerve can butt in at any time or place.

A Flash at the four-ounce Ring.

In low musical Notes, something like the Bird-Calls of the Forest, he told her about the House and the Bill of Goods he had sold in the last Town, and how he attended Progressive Cinch Parties every time he got back to Saint Louey. She listened with keen Interest and looked him right in the Eye, and never once did she call for Help.

It appeared to be the strongest Ten-Strike of his glorious Career as a Depot Flirt.

She wanted to know all about him, even to the Extent of sounding him on Literature and the Arts.

He told her that Dan McAvoy had Julia Marlowe beat at least a Block when it come to putting up a Lively Show, and as for Books, he couldn't see Lew Wallace with a Spy-Glass, but the Duchess was Warm Stuff.

His Views carried so much Weight that she began to take Notes in a little Book. She asked him how much he made in Commissions and Salary, and what amount he spent on Clothes and Finery as compared with his Outlay for Soul-Food. He began to wing a

little and realized that he was up against a New Game; but he could not renig after making the first Play, so she Pumped him properly.

Finally she asked him for a Photograph, which she numbered thirty-two and filed away in a Blue Envelope.

After which she said that would be about all, and some invisible Force seemed to lift him back to the other side of the Car. As he sat there, slowly recovering, it occurred to him that he had neglected to get her Name and Address and make her promise to Correspond, which was very careless of him. He thought some of making another Try, but she was busy with a Book, other than the one he had given to her, and seemed to have forgotten that he was right there in the same Car.

Clarence began to suspect that he had failed to Entertain her, but such was not the case.

He did not see her again, but next Month his Friends called his Attention to an Article

As he sat there, slowly recovering.

in an Eastern Periodical, written by a Lady who had been investigating the Intellectual Awakening of the Middle West. She gave Clarence quite a Send-Off and used his Picture, calling attention to the lack of Forehead and the Vacant Expression about the Eyes. She said he was a Type of the Middle-Class Materialist, who cared more for Personal Adornment than for Mental Culture, but as far as she had been able to discover, by turning the Specimen over under the Microscope, there was nothing Vicious in his make-up. He was simply a Case of Atrophied Cerebellum and Ingrowing Nerve.

Clarence could not get next to all the Long Words or he would have felt all cut up about it. As it was, he decided not to correspond, even after learning her Name.

MORAL: Many a Man is up against an Analysis when he is trying to make a Paralysis.

The Fable of the One Who Got What Was Coming to Him and then Some More.

ONCE there was a Man who bought his Pleasures by the Pound. He was a Close Buyer. Any time that he unwound the Shoe-String and disgorged a One-Case Note, he was expecting to get a Return of about $1 60 or else he considered himself Stung. His Family Motto was "Get your Money's Worth."

At a Hotel he would keep the Lights turned on all night so as to Catch Even on his Bill. Sometimes on the Trolley-Car he would ride two Blocks past his own House and then walk back, because he wanted to get as much as possible for his Five Cents. Once he was beguiled into paying Five for a Ticket to a Charity Ball. Rather than to be out the Five he danced from 10 P.M. to 4 A.M. He was the Man who insisted on the Third Encore at the Theatre and howled for a Baker's Dozen every time be bought Eggs.

Whenever he got Enlargement of the

A Supreme Effort to stick the Company.

Heart and began to spend Money on himself, he expected every one to pay lots of Attention to him. Once he hired a Cab by the Hour. He was sitting in a Cozy Corner, slowly fighting his way to the bottom of a High Ball, when a Policeman came in and told him that the Cabman was freezing to death outside.

"That's all right," was the Reply. "He's getting paid for it."

By the time he got through with a Free Lunch there was nothing left except Olives.

One Day on the Train he wanted a Snack, but he did not feel Hungry a Dollar's Worth. He hated to go into a Diner and get away with only Eighty-five Cents' worth of Provender. So he decided to make a Supreme Effort to stick the Company. He began with Blue-Points and Soup and Fish, and then he was horrified to find that he had Enough. But he was cinched for a Dollar, so he ordered Ribs of Beef, half a Duck, seven Vegetables, Ice-Cream, Pie, Cheese, and a Large Coffee. When he arrived at his

Destination he was in the Baggage-Car ahead. His Last Words had been, "Make the Company pay all Expenses."

MORAL: No one loses out in the Dining-Car except the Stockholders.

The Fable of the Society-Trimmers and What Broke Up the Experience Meeting.

ONE Evening a Company of Tourists who knew all about the Fall Line of Goods found themselves laid out in a Jim-Crow Town. As usual, there had been a Good Show there the Week before, but on this particular Night there was nothing billed except a Rummage Sale at the Presbyterian Church. So the Wayfarers stuck to the Office of the Commercial Hotel, where they borrowed Cigars and volunteered a few Chapters from a Busy Life.

The Man who told his Story early in the Game was at a decided Disadvantage, because the next Author had to raise him a few. The one who came in last of all was sure to be the King Bee.

The Talk Carnival opened with a brief Session of the Home-Wreckers' Association, after which they started in to tell how they had skun the Other Fellow at Games of Chance. They hated to talk about Themselves, but they had to do it.

The average Poker Story should run as a Serial. It has a Preamble about as long as the Moral Law. The Man who is spinning it, in order to entertain himself, begins by relating how he was on a Sleeper between East St. Louis and Effingham. He tells the Name of the Book he was reading, the Color of the Pullman Conductor's Whiskers, and the Speed at which the Train was running. Having settled these important Details, he slowly approaches the Plot of the Piece. It seems that Albert Hieronomous, who used to travel for Skinstine, Walrus, & Co., asked him to come into the State-Room and hold Cards so as to make it four-handed. The Narrator explains that he had no desire to Play, but he went just to oblige Al. Then he tells about meeting a Mining Expert from Colorado and a little Fat Man who owned a Gents' Furnishing Store in St. Joe. He gives the Conversation in regard to fixing the Ante and Limit, and forgets who had the first Deal, but, anyway, they all dropped out the first time around and made it a Jack. The St. Joe Man opened

The average Poker Story should run as a Serial.

it and he, the Hero of the Story, lingered on a Pair of Sevens, but kept a One-Spotter on the side, and then picked up a Seven and an Ace and made a foxy Bet of Two Bits, and so on and so on. When it came time to change at the Junction, he had everything except their Clothes.

The little Group in the Hotel Office listened to one of these Typical Tales lasting from 7:30 to 8:45. The Next Man was reminded of what happened to him in El Paso when he sauntered into Cy Ryan's and flipped a big iron Dollar on the Single O. He caught it and let it lay for a Repeater, and then pushed the whole Stack over on the Red, and Red come. Then he sprinkled a few Yellow Boys on the first twelve and couldn't go wrong. After playing fifteen minutes and losing back 375 he was still 2250 to the Good when he cashed in.

It seemed that No. 3 knew how to Inhale a few, for he butted in with a Beaut of how to put a Crimp in a Faro Game at Seattle. He told another of the just-happened-in Kind.

He was idly snowballing the Lay-Out while waiting for a Friend to get through with a Game of Stud. He caught the Tray and began to Pyramid. The Tray came right for him twenty-seven times hand-running, and then the Dealer fell in a Fit and begged him to Stop. He went back to the Hotel with his Overcoat Pockets full of the Bank Roll.

A Clothing Salesman took the Floor with one of those justly celebrated Pipes about, "Just before the Fourth Race a Friend came to me and told me to get a Piece of Money down on Lou Perkins." It seems that Lou Perkins was commonly regarded as a crippled Goat, and it was a case of write your own Ticket, the Price running as Long as 275 to 1.

"But the best I could get," says the truthful Clothing Salesman, "was 200 to 1."

He took Ten Dollars' worth of Lou Perkins at 200 to 1 and she came in sideways, nodding to several Acquaintances in the Grand Stand. He had landed at the Track with Eighteen Dollars and a Badge, and he went back with

Flipped a big iron Dollar on the Single O.

Two Thousand, and then a Lot in his Side Pockets that he didn't take the Trouble to count.

Two or three others who had put the Bookies out of Business and broken the Hearts of Professional Gamblers chipped in to the Symposium, and at last it was up to the old-time Drummer who had been sitting back doing a Listen.

"I don't belong in this Bunch," said the Vet. "I never caused a Book-Maker to hit the Grit. I can win more out of an Expense Account on one Trip than I have made out of the Picture Cards in Thirty Years. The Fact is that I am a Piker. Any time that I stand to win or lose more than a Month's Salary at a single Toss, I get chilled below the Knees. That is when I begin to think about that next Payment on the Building and Loan Stock. Sometimes I am ashamed of myself for not being a keener Sport. I figure that the Streak of Yellow in me must be Double Width, or seventy-two Inches. For Years I have been up and down the Road with

you Boys who clean up the Book-Makers and give the Limerick Knock-Out to every Poker Joint that you find. The Easy-Money Talk that I have heard would fill the Century Dictionary. I assure you that I have been discouraged at times to think that I had to get my Cush by such slow and painful Methods, while all you had to do, any time you were hard pushed, was to go out and shake down a Professional. During all my time on the Road I never met one of you Fellows who wasn't ahead of the Game. I can't understand what you do with all your Money. Why is it that you, who have been picking up these Vast Sums from time to time, are overdrawn at the House, while I, with no way of getting it except by pinching the Salary and swelling the Sundries, own a Chunk of Suburban Real Estate?

"There is something else I don't Understand," continued the Vet. "I see the Book-Makers wearing these $800 Sparks and eating at the Best Places. I drop in at a Gambling Den and take notice of the Wheel inlaid

Put the Bookies out of Business.

with Pearl, the Rugs two Inches thick, and the free Turkey Sandwiches. I judge that the Rent and Lights amount to Considerable. How can they keep going and lose Money all the time? I never meet any one who admits that he is feeding his Income to the Man with the Spotted Shirt. All the People I meet are big Winners. It must be that all these Gams inherited what they've got."

When he paused, several of his Companions stretched and said it was about time to turn in.

MORAL: The Man who gets Cleaned seldom blows about it.

The Fable of the Girl Who Wanted to Warm Up When It Was Too Late.

ONCE there was a good Young Man who delivered Milk and sang in the Choir. He allowed his Affections to get all snarled up with a tall female Elfin named Sophy. Fate kissed him off and he lay froze against the Cushion. It appeared that Sophy had no time for him, because he was about two Notches below her in the Social Scale. Sophy's father was an Auctioneer and Agent for a Patent Churn.

The Young Man, whose Name was Otis, removed the Gaff from his quivering Bosom and began to lay Plans to humble her Pride. After placing his Milk Route in the Hands of a Reliable Agent, he went up to the City and began to take Lessons on the Horn. He practised until he was able to crawl inside of a big Oom-Pah and eat all of the Low Notes in the Blue Book. The Hard Part of a Sousa March was Pie for him. He could close his Eyes and run up the Scale, and then down

again until he struck the Newfoundland Growl coming at the end of "Rocked in the Cradle."

Then he went back and joined the Silver Cornet Band. On Decoration Day he was up at the Head of the Line, just behind the Grand Marshal with the Red Sash, and he carried a Tuby that looked like the Entrance to a Cave. His Uniform was fancy enough for a Colonel on the Governor's Staff.

When he swept down Main Street scaring all the Horses and causing the Window-Panes to rattle, every one along the Line of March who knew Ote was proud of himself.

Sophy saw him and got ready to do a little Hedging. After the Parade, when he was in the Bon-Ton Candy Kitchen, with a Handkerchief around his Neck, ordering up Strawberry Soda, then Sophy broke through the Circle of Admirers and bade him Welcome. Otis gave her a cruel Look and pretended that he did not remember her Name.

That Evening she saw him pass the House three times with the Tuby on one Arm and a red-headed Milliner on the other.

MORAL: Adversity often hatches out the true Nobility of Character.

The Fable of What Our Public Schools and the Primary System Did for a Poor but Ambitious Youth.

ONCE there were two Boys growing up in a large City. One had been born with a Silver Spoon in his Mouth. At that time Silver was regarded as a valuable Metal.

The other Boy had no Assets to speak of, but he had very wisely chosen to be born under the Stars and Stripes, where the Poor Boy with a gnawing Ambition gets every Show for his White Alley.

This Urchin was named Jimmy, and even at the age of six he was looking forward to the Time when he would be big enough to kill a Policeman.

Jimmy resided with his Parents in a bummy little one-story Shack. He went barefoot every Year as soon as the Frost got out of the Ground, and his favorite Stamping-Ground was the Railway Yards. One of the Joys of his Childhood was to get together a Gang of Hicks and throw Stones at the

Jimmy's favorite Stamping-Ground.

Brakemen. He was a member of a tough Ball Team and knew how to play Seven-Up.

Across the Street from where Jimmy lived there was a magnificent Brick House with a Mansard Roof.

Within this Palace dwelt a Boy who had been handicapped with the Name of F. Lawrence. However, it was hoped that his Money would carry him through. F. Lawrence had been warned against Jimmy. His Mamma often took him on her Knee and told him how one of his Ancestors turned the Water into Long Island Sound, and that it was his Duty to guard the Family Name and not speak to People who worked by the Day.

So F. Lawrence would stand at the Window and make Faces at Jimmy outside. Whereupon Jimmy would double-dare him to come into the Street; but F. Lawrence remembered about the Family Name and refused to associate with any low-born Characters. But when he went out to take his Dancing Lesson, Jimmy would chase him a few Blocks and

call him Names that were almost as bad as F. Lawrence.

Jimmy had a Proud Nature, even if his Old Man did work at the Gas-House. The Taunts and Insults heaped upon him by the Young Aristocrat caused him many Bitter Reflections, but likewise it awoke in him a Stern Resolve that some day or other he would make F. Lawrence look like a Yellow Clarionet.

"I have neither Wealth nor Social Station," Jimmy would say to himself, "but I have Youth and Strength and a cast-iron Nerve, and if they expect to keep me down they will have to tie me."

While F. Lawrence was away at the 'Varsity learning Sanscrit and how to Inhale without choking himself, humble Jimmy was circulating in the Ward, learning the Duties of Citizenship. He developed a Right Swing that was calculated to put somebody out of the Business. It was a common saying among his Admirers that you could not dent Jimmy with an Axe. And yet, only a few

F. Lawrence hears about his Ancestors.

Years before, he had been a barefooted Cub stealing Rides on the Freight-Trains.

He was in Demand at all Primary Elections. Whenever he wanted to be a Delegate to something, his Name went on the Ticket or else there was an Ambulance Call. One Spring, while F. Lawrence was down on the Riviera trying to conceal the Fact that he had been born in America, Jimmy stacked the Cards on the Pious Element and was elected Alderman.

His real Career now opened up. He gathered about him all the Local Statesmen who were not on Earth for their Health. Whenever an Ordinance came up, they held it over a few Weeks until they could Investigate and make sure that the Taxpayers were being Protected.

Jimmy acquired a Reputation as a Philanthropist and Friend of the Poor. Every time a down-trodden Porch-Climber was taken in by those Enemies of Society who wear the Blue Clothes, Jimmy would go around and fix up the Bail Bond, and explain to the

Judge that his Friend was a Working-Boy with a Mother dependent on him. By such unselfish Acts as these he perfected a Private Machine and had on his Staff a great many useful Workers who said that they were willing to come to the Front at any time and do anything for him, up to and including Murder.

Jimmy had started out with no Pull or Prestige. He had nothing to carry him through except his Character. And now, at the age of forty-two, he was the Uncrowned King of the Slate-Makers, the Main Blazotts, and the acknowledged Boss.

As a Boy, his entire Wardrobe stood him about Eighty Cents. Now, his Jewels alone figured up $1400 and his Clothes had Silk Lining. He owned a Buffet in which he had to use four Men behind the Bar, and sometimes the Slot Machines alone gave him a Rake-Off of $50 a Day.

And how about F. Lawrence, the pampered Patrician who had been wont to jeer at the Poor Boy and treat him with Contempt? He

Seized him by the Undressed Kid.

had been leading a Life of Idleness and Luxury, instead of getting out and hustling for the Taxpayer and Working-Man. But his Pride was due to get a hard Fall. Humble Jimmy, the Gas-House Boy, had a lovely Dose of Poetic Justice all fixed up for F. Lawrence.

It appears that F. Lawrence, after the Death of his Father, succeeded to the Presidency of a Corporation organized to trim the Public. This Corporation needed a Renewal of the Franchise. It had to get the Renewal or put up the Green Blinds, and that is why F. Lawrence got busy.

Every one told him that he would have to see Jimmy. There would be nothing doing until Jimmy had been Seen and seen Proper. And that is how it came about that the haughty Magnate, who once reviled the ragged Urchin, came with his Hat in his Hand and began to Crawl as soon as he struck the Front Door.

Here was a Grand Opening for Jimmy. He had the Chance of his Life to hand out a Hunk of Retribution by saying: "When I

was a penniless Lad you mocked my Poverty. Now I am Well-Off and Powerful and you come to Square yourself. Go!"

Jimmy did nothing of the Sort. Large Natures, such as his, are not capable of a Petty Revenge. He was Magnanimous. He seized F. Lawrence by the Undressed Kid and led him to the Back Room.

As soon as he became assured that the Taxpayers were not going to get the Nub End of the Deal, he agreed to deliver the Goods.

Then he made some Inquiries about the Corporation, and it seemed to be such a fair and above-board Proposition that he took many shares of Stock.

To-day he is one of the Directors and sits at the same Mahogany Table with F. Lawrence, showing what a Poor Boy may accomplish in this Country if he leaves Liquor alone and does not waste his Time.

MORAL: If shy on the Family Name, pay some Attention to the Pull.

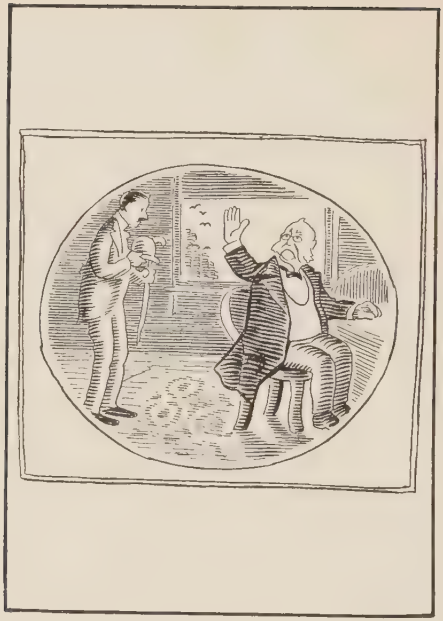
The Fable of the Two Ways of Going Out After the Pay Envelope.

A MAN who had been given the Fresh Air by a Soulless Corporation was out rustling for another Job. He went around to see all the General Managers. Usually he had to sit outside and permit a beautiful Stenographer to look Holes in him. When he was finally admitted to the Sacred Presence of the Head Gazooks, he would approach the Roll-Top on tiptoe and stand there with his Hat in his Hand and beg for Work. He wanted a Job, and Salary was no Object. Thereupon the Main Torch would slip him the Old One about putting his Application on File and notifying him in case anything turned up. The Morgues are full of People who have Applications on File.

After he had been Drilling from one Office to another for about a Month, he had about 350 of these vague, indefinite Promises, but there was nothing doing in the Salary Line.

So he decided to try a new Tack.

"This Humble Pie doesn't seem to agree



With his Hat in his Hand.

with me," he said. "I shall cut out the Apologetic and try being Nifty."

Accordingly, he went to a Friend and braced him for a Century as if asking for a Match. Then he engaged a Suite at the Principal Hostelry and sent engraved Notifications to all the General Managers that he could be seen any Day between 11:45 and 12:15 on presentation of Visiting-Cards.

They knew that he was a Big Gun or he wouldn't be paying ten per for his Rooms. So several hurried over and began to Bid for him.

MORAL: Those who have tried Meekness know the Importance of being Important.

The Fable of the Misdirected Sympathy and the Come-Back of the Proud Steam-Fitter.

ONE Day a lowly Steam-Fitter who received only Seventy Cents an Hour for filling his Pipe was sent to do a Job of Repairing in the Palatial Residence of a Syndicate Mogul.

While he was hammering merrily at his Task, trying to fill out an eight-hour Day, the Lady of the House came and watched him. Her Heart was touched with great Pity for any Man who still had his Appendix and whose Picture had never appeared in the Sunday Papers. So she had the Butler bring some Charlotte Russe for the humble Toiler. After which he borrowed one of her gold-tip Cigarettes and gave her a few Minutes of his Time, in spite of the Fact that she did not belong to the Union.

"This is a Swell Joint you've got here, Lady," said the Steam-Fitter. "The only thing that makes me Sore is to think that all of this Hot Dog you're throwin' on comes

8

" This is a Swell Joint, Lady."

out of the Pockets of poor, hard-workin' Guys, such as me."

"You wrong us," said the Great Lady, in a Tone of Gentle Sadness. "My Husband never flimflams the poor Laborer. All that he has he made by shifting the Cut on the small Stockholders. We are much interested in the Working Classes and wish to establish a free Lecture Course, so that the Poor may learn all about Anthropology. Very often I go and sing Solos at Mission Entertainments, but in spite of this my poor Husband is pictured as a hungry Octopus who has taken a death-grip on the Consumer."

"I'd hate to be a Corporation Director," said the Steam-Fitter. "The Mug that controls a Million Bucks ain't got a Friend on Earth except the People who happen to be with him at the time. All the Congressmen throw Bricks at him and the Editorial-Writers toast him to a Crisp. The Rainbow Weeklies put him in Cartoons as having four Chins and a Waist Measurement of fifty-two, whereas all the Money-Getters I ever spotted

were as thin as Rails and looked as if they had to live on Tea and Toast. But the Working-Man! He's the Boy that gets all the Violets. When they put me into a Cartoon they make me out to be a handsome Charley with my Sleeves rolled up and a set of Muscles that would make Jeffries ashamed of himself. I always wear a dinky Paper Cap and a full growth of Presbyterian Whiskers. Every time I see a Picture of the American Working-Man in three Colors, I'm glad that I'm not a low-down Capitalist. I may not handle as much Coin as some of the Shell-Workers that hang out in Wall Street, but any time that I feel discouraged all I have to do is to dig up my Thirty Cents and go to a Variety Show, and then I find out that I am the only true-hearted and honest American, except the gallant Volunteer. The very best Friend that Union Labor has in this Country is the Vawdyville Artist who works twenty-eight Minutes a Day for $175 a Week."

"Still, with your restricted Income, you

cannot seek the elevating Influences of our kind of Society," said the Lady of the House. "That must grind you a good deal, especially if you have Children growing up. I can imagine that it would be hard lines to know that your Offspring have no Social Careers awaiting them."

"Me and my Wife lay awake Nights and cry about it," said the Steam-Fitter. "We thought for a while we might save up and buy Jimmy an Auto, but when we looked in the Catalogue we found that the Price was $4000. So we decided if he wanted to practise Homicide it would be cheaper to get him on the Police Force. Being too poor to send him to a University, we let him take Lessons at a Boxing Academy, and now, when any one starts Rough House, he is almost as handy as a regular Student. He can smoke Egyptian Cigarettes and blow the Smoke through his Nose, and he gives me the Laugh when I call him down, and so I feel that we have accomplished by Home Training what might have been expected from a College Course.

"*He gives me the Laugh.*"

As for Vivian, our bright-eyed little Daughter, she is the zippiest High-Flyer that speeds the Boulevard. When it comes to French Heels and the long Straight Front and all kinds of Blouse hanging in front of her, she can make the average Society Bud look like a wax Imitation. She has one of these wig-wag Walks—the kind that makes People jump off of the Sidewalk. Of course, she is only the Daughter of an obscure Steam-Fitter, but let me give you a Pointer. You can't tell by lookin' at one of these Fairies nowadays what kind of Clothes her Father wears. When it comes to Lugs, I can't see that the Heiress has any Bulge on the simple Working-Girl. As for butting into the Social Swim, she has a Scheme all framed up, by which she expects to become acquainted with all of the gold-plated Johnnies who infest the Municipality. She is going on the Stage to be a Show Girl. She says that the Débutante seldom has more than one on her Staff, while the Show Girl can take her Pick of a large Bunch. So you see that in these Days of

Public Schools and cheap Reading Matter and custom-made Imitations, even the most Humble can occasionally make a Bluff at being the Real Thing. So long as my Children hoot at my Suggestions and tell me every Day where to get off or how to back over the Dump, Papa will not be altogether discouraged in regard to their Social Careers. In fact, the only thing that worries me is the Fear that I won't be able to keep up with them."

"I am glad to find you so Philosophical," said the Millionairess. "After reading several Books written by College Professors who disguised themselves as Laborers and went and lived among the down-trodden Masses, I had supposed that a Steam-Fitter was a rather gloomy Proposition."

"Why should I be gloomy? The formal Dinner Party is the Champion Gloom-Factory, and I never have to go near one of them. I don't have to wear my Intellect to a Frazzle keeping up with the Popular Novels. When a Foreign Musician or a Lady with a new

System of Culturitis bobs up on the Horizon, I don't have to go chasing around, letting on that I am interested. You never see me at one of these punk Amateur Performances, applauding the Bank Accounts. Nobody expects me to make any Calls, and I never drink Tea except when I want it. The Scandal Sheets never show up my Family History, and as far as I can learn, my Wife never hired a Detective to watch me. It is true that sometimes I find nothing on the Menu except Corned Beef and what goes with it, but I tear into it with an Appetite that would be worth $8,000,000 to Rockefeller at this Minute. And now, Lady, according to the Rules of the Union, I must knock off for today, as it is five o'clock."

"Your story has interested me," said the Lady of the House. "I should like to visit your Family and write a Paper on the Home Life of the Toilers."

"I'm sorry we can't have you," was the Reply. "You Society Ducks don't care who you invite, but I'm an Officer in the Union

"You Society Ducks,"

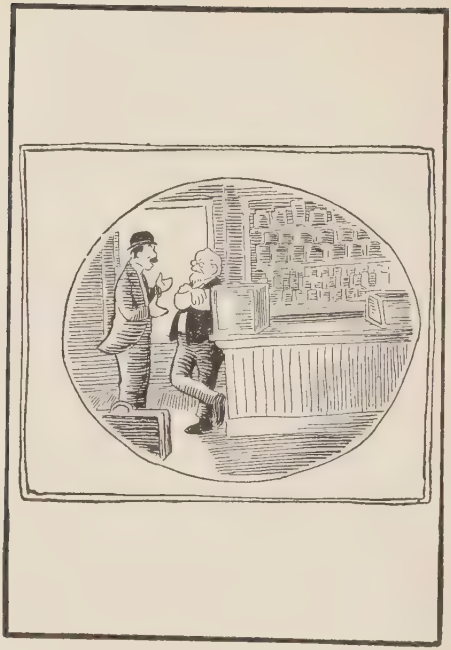
and I'll queer myself if I begin to associate with the disreputable Rich. You'll have to put up with your own Kind."

MORAL: The Wealthy have nothing left except Money.

The Fable of How the Canny Commercial Salesman Guessed the Combination.

A COUNTRY Merchant, sometimes known as the Man behind the Face, was sitting in his Prunery one Day when a Drummer came in to sell him a lot of Goods that he didn't need. As the Drummer closed the Door behind him and put on his copyrighted Smile, the Temperature of the Room sank about eight Degrees. There were no "Welcome" Mottoes on the Wall, and when the Drummer gazed into the rugged Map he realized that he was up against it.

But he was accustomed to warming up these Cold Propositions. He asked, "How's Tricks?" and was told that the entire Works, Government and all, was going to the Bow-wows. Thinking to dispel the Gloom, he told two of the Latest, and although they were Corkers and had caused many a Yokel to fall off the Cracker-Barrel, they never feazed old Mournful Ike. It was not his Day to be jollied. Then the Drummer switched and tried the Sympathetic Dodge. He said that



"*This Predestination Business.*"

Collections had been a little Slack, but he looked for Better Times as soon as the Farmers began to move their Crops. But the Face couldn't see a Glimmer of Hope.

The wise Drummer always has two old Stand-Bys that he brings out when all else has failed, viz., Politics and Religion. He decided to take a Chance.

"What do you think?" he said. "I had an awful Argument on the Train with a Chump who claimed that there was nothing in this Predestination Business."

"Then you believe in Infant Damnation, do you?" asked the Storekeeper.

"Sure," was the reply.

"You can send me a Berrel of New Orleens Molasses, ten Kits of Mackerel, seven Gross of Canned Peaches, and a Caddy of Oolong," said the Storekeeper.

MORAL: One smell of Brimstone makes the whole World kin.

The Fable of the Taxpayers' Friend Who Ran to an Empty Grand Stand and Finished Outside the Money.

ONCE there was a Man who belonged to all the Secret Orders and looked like an Irishman and had a German Name and employed a lot of Swede Help, so he received the Nomination for County Treasurer.

He was nominated the Night before the Convention by a large, freckled Mind-Reader who knew what the People wanted before they found it out for themselves. He couldn't have been elected Constable on his own Hook, as he had a Record that included Grave-Robbing, Brace Faro, and Second-Story Work. So the only thing left for him to do in Politics was to name the Candidates and then, if the Combination went through, get first Whack at the Contracts and put all of his High-Binders on the Pay-Roll.

He was editorially roasted, but, just the same, when a Representative Citizen wanted to run for anything he found it advisable to

go around and place himself Right with the frog-faced Boss.

He was a Modest Man, was the Campaigner with the Eighteen-inch Neck. He did not ask to have his Picture on any Transparencies. When a cut-and-dried Programme was being pulled off, he never made any Speeches from the Platform. If he had anything to say he said it in a husky Whisper and up an Alley. All of his Spouting was done by Proxy, for he had on his Staff several Fourteen-karat Lawyers, each of whom hoped to be State's Attorney some Day when the Voters were not looking.

This eminent Disciple of the String Game was the one who picked out the Candidate for County Treasurer. There was another Aspirant who had a Petition signed by 14,000 Property-Owners, but when it came to a show-down at the Primaries he had only seventeen votes, and eight of these were thrown out by the Judges because one of the would-be Delegates had his Name misspelled. Which shows what can be done to the

Independent when he tries to buck the Machine.

The Candidate for County Treasurer yielded to the entreaties of his Friends and permitted the Use of his Name as soon as he had it figured out to him that by freezing on to the Interest on Public Funds he could rake off about 20,000 Louies per Annum. As soon as the free and untrammelled Convention had named him by Acclamation, he fought his Way through the Cigar Smoke and made a Speech of Acceptance. He said that he had only one Object in Life, and that was to give the Taxpayer a Square Deal, and Trusts were a growing Danger, likewise it was our Duty to spread the Blessings of Freedom in the far-off Islands of the Pacific, inasmuch as a reasonable Tariff Revision seemed imperative, because the Workman had a right to organize in the interests of Arbitration. All of which could be accomplished if the Sovereign Voters would rally around him and on the 4th day of next November, with their Ballots, as fall the Snow-Flakes, strike Terror

to the Hearts of all Despoilers of Liberty. In other Words, he wanted to be County Treasurer.

Now, the Off Year in Politics is no Hungarian Joke to the Mark who has kissed goodbye to his Shekels and taken a Gambler's Chance. He wants to hold down a Leather Chair in a Mahogany Office in the County Building, and have a Push Bell in front of him and a Box of Perfectos on the Roll-Top, and draw about eight Samoleons a Minute, while the cheap Help does all the heavy Work.

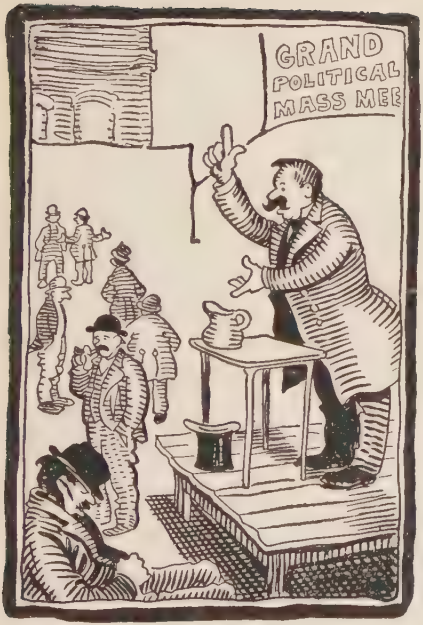
Of every ten Patriots who are now throwing vitrified Brick at the Money Power, at least nine are hoping that some day the grateful Voters will rise up and compel them to use Leather Chairs.

As for the would-be Treasurer, after he had spent $800 to see his Picture on Telegraph Poles and had bought Tickets to some Eighty-five Social Hops, to say nothing of what he had slipped the Boss, he felt that if he did not land in the County Building, the

whole Fabric of Government would begin to unravel.

Under ordinary Conditions he was a Chilly Proposition who failed to recognize any one who did not wear a Tall Hat and belong to four or five Clubs. But after the Lightning struck him and he became the People's Choice, he would tear across the Street to shake Hands with all varieties of Trash and ask them how everything seemed to be going.

As a Rule, they did not know what he was driving at, for in an Off Year the Candidate who has made a powerful Ante is the only Mortal who is dead sure that there is going to be an Election. The general run of the Public was watching the price of Coal and trying to guess the Football Scores, so that when the Laboring-Man's Friend began his Canvass he was appalled at the General Apathy. The very Foundations of our blood-bought Institutions were being undermined by the loathsome Opposition, and no one seemed to care a Continental. When the Popular Choice for County Treasurer ap-



No one seemed to care a Continental.

peared at a Hall to make an Address showing why the Panama Canal was a Necessity and how Ireland's Wrongs would be righted if only he could land as County Treasurer, he would find about a dozen Fellow-Citizens without Overcoats who had come in to get Warm. He would arise and explain why Cuba was entitled to Justice and that all Wealth belonged to the Common People, but he never explained to the Boys how they could go out that same Evening and get their Part of it.

After every Meeting he would take the Gang down into a Thirst-Parlor and buy Fusel Oil in order to convince them that he was the Man entitled to handle their Money. Inasmuch as they paid no Taxes, they all seemed willing to take a Chance.

Although the great Body of Voters were indifferent and failed to Register, one Fact was most encouraging to the Candidate. From the First to the Last of his Campaigning, every Voter he met was with him and with him Strong. He could not find any one who was

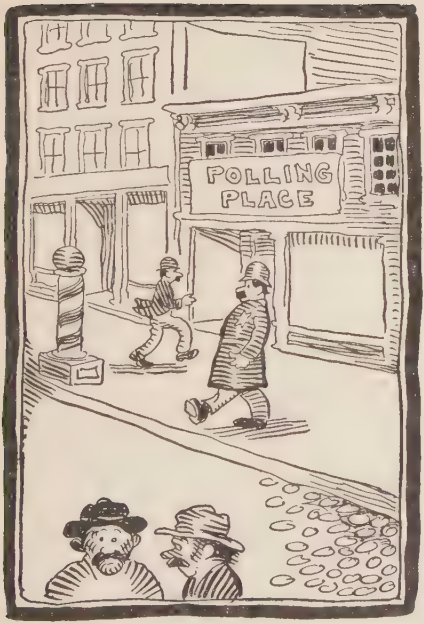
Every Voter was with him Strong.

in favor of the corrupt and mercenary Antagonist. So he figured that, although the Vote would be light, he would get about Ninety-eight per cent. of it.

The Election was almost as exciting as a Quaker Meeting. Now and then some one sauntered up to a Polling-Place and went back into the Pantry and marked his Ballot, and then dug out. It was useless to hand out Two-Dollar Bills in the interest of Good Government, because there was no way of keeping Tab.

Two Men, seven Boys, and one Candidate waited at Headquarters for the Returns. About 10 P.M. the Benefactor who had drawn Pictures of himself sitting in the Leather Chair learned that he had been snowed good and proper. He went away crushed by the Public Calamity, and wondering why he was the only Person on earth who had been willing to labor for the General Good.

Next Morning the Sun came up as Usual. On that bright crisp Day of Indian Summer



Exciting as a Quaker Meeting.

the only one who remembered anything about an Election was a blear-eyed Man looking over the Stubs in his Check-Book.

MORAL: If the Off-Year Candidate keeps quiet, no one will know he has been Licked.

The Fable of the Single-Handed Fight for Personal Liberty.

A TRAVELLER landed in a Blue-Law Town one Sunday Morning and found it as dead as a Mackerel. There were only two Horses hitched at the Square and in every Window the Curtains were down.

"Why and wherefore this funereal Hush?" he inquired of the Hotel Clerk.

"The Sunday-Closers have been at work," replied the Clerk. "You can't get a Nip to-day for Love or Money."

"I can't, can't I?" demanded the Traveller, indignantly. "Do the Enemies of Personal Liberty think that they can deprive me of my just Rights? Not on your Dreamy Eyes! Watch me."

He cut for an Alley and began trying every Back Door. He would rap three times on a Bluff and say, "It's me," but there was nothing doing.

However, he was not to be thwarted. In the absence of the Blind Pig and the Speak-Easy,

Began tryng every Back Door.

he fell back on the Prescription Gag. Inquiring his way, he walked eight Blocks to a Physician's Residence and caught the Doc just as he was starting to Church. He gave Doc the Elk's Grip and begged him to save a Life. He said he had Cramps and nothing but a large Slug of the Scandinavian Joy-Producer would relieve his Agony. Doc wrote, "Spirits Frumenti—take as directed," and said it would come to One Dollar.

Then the Sufferer went out to find a Drug Clerk. After a long Search he found Mr. Higginson of the People's Pharmacy, down at Main Street Bridge, pushing a Baby-Carriage. At first the Druggist balked on opening up, but the Traveller said he was a Dying Man and handed over a good Ten-cent Cigar.

At 2 P.M. he went back to the Hotel wearing in his Pistol Pocket a Flask of Squirrel Whiskey the color of Kerosene. He was flushed and happy, for he had made a Monkey of the Law. He invited two other Drummers up to 62. They pulled down the Curtains and

tapped the Poison, and nobody could talk for five Minutes.

Two Months later the same Traveller struck the Town one Sunday, and found a Baseball Team giving a Parade.

"Everything is wide open since the April Election," said the Clerk. "I can get you whatever you want."

"All right," was the Reply. "Send up a pitcher of Ice-Water."

MORAL: Thirst follows the Prohibition Clause.

The Fable of the Never-to-be Benefactor Who Took a Brand-New Tack.

ONCE there was a Multi-Millionaire who felt jealous when he saw Carnegie throwing Twenty-Dollar Gold Pieces at the Squirrels, while Coal-Oil Johnny Rockefeller was handing his pet University another Million every time a new Student came in out of the Tall Grass and Matriculated.

He saw that a very Rich Man who wishes to be Respected must fill his Clothes with Currency and go out and slather it around, and holler for everybody to have Something on him and keep the Change. He decided to follow the prevailing Fashion and spend his Money before he died, thereby giving the Ha-Ha to the Legal Profession.

But when this would-be Philanthropist got ready to cut the Strings on his Bundle he struck a Snag. The Philanthropy Business had been overworked. Every Town large enough to be indicated on the Map had a Carnegie Library. He found that the

Orphans were receiving more Care and Attention than the Children of Club-Women. About the only Little Ones who got into the Country in the Summer were the Homeless Waifs. As for Colleges, they had multiplied so rapidly that all through the Middle West it was practically impossible to get Harvest Hands. The Poor Working-Man showed no inclination to go against the Free Reading-Room and the Cheap Lectures on Astronomy, for he had the Price in his Pocket and preferred to play Seventy-Seven in some German Place where they served a Hot Lunch.

It began to look as though the benevolent Millionaire would have to burn his Money or else leave it to the usual Nephew who lives on High Balls and Musical Comedy.

"Surely there is Suffering somewhere in this World," said the perplexed Millionaire. "Some one is waiting for a Helping Hand. Now to find him."

He began a careful Study of Social Conditions and soon discovered that the real Sufferer, the mute and patient Victim who was

getting the Hooks oftener than any one else, was the Gentleman who wore the High Collar and carried in his Hip Pocket a little Work on Etiquette and Good Behavior.

The poor Reptile whose Wife got up in the Morning and grabbed the Paper to see if the Family was mentioned, he was the banner Patsy of all Creation and he was the Boy that was praying for some one to come along and throw him a Life-Line.

By further Investigation the Multi-Millionaire was horrified to learn that here in this smiling Land of Plenty, where the Roses bloom in June and the Editorial Writer calls attention to the prevalent Peace and Happiness, there were thousands of sad-eyed Men and Women who put on their Good Clothes when they would rather not do so, who went out when they would rather stay at Home, who Ate when they were not Hungry, Drank when they were not Thirsty, Conversed by the hour with People who bored them, listened to Speeches they did not want to hear, applauded Vocal Music that was too fierce for

words, fondled the Infants that they wanted to throttle, and read Historical Romances that caused them to have Charley-Horse Dreams.

"Oh, why should we send Relief Ships to India when there is so much Misery right here in our own principal Residence Streets?" asked the philanthropic Millionaire.

So he founded and endowed a Society for the Relief of those who are Invited Out. The Purpose of this glorious Organization was to prove that Entertainments should entertain.

As a first Move, the Benefactor invited all the well-known Citizens to a Formal Dinner in honor of a Statesman who wore Medals for talking against Time. All the Local Orators who were accustomed to paying for their Plates by telling the same Stories that used to go so well in the Primrose and West Days were up at the Head Table. A feeling of Sadness seemed to brood over the large Assemblage until it was discovered that in front of each Plate was a Card saying that any one attempting to make a Speech would be thrown out on his Neck. Three or four of the Spell-

The last of the Spell-Binders.

Binders were temporarily stunned, but the Main Bunch laid their Faces down among the Cut Flowers and wept for Joy. The Dinner proceeded with tremendous Enthusiasm. There were no Dark Clouds on the Horizon threatening a Wind-Storm. No one was wondering how long the Mayor or the Congressman was going to Spout, or whether they had Manuscripts concealed on their Persons. The Orchestra played Coon Songs without any Interruption from the Chairman. No one said anything about the Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul. The Man with the Megaphone Voice cut no Ice whatsoever, for they had him sewed up. Every one went home feeling good.

Next Day no less than forty grateful Persons stopped the Reformer on the Street and bade him Godspeed in his Noble Work.

The next Thing the Society did was to offer a Cash Bonus to any one giving a Reception at which there would be no standing in Line and shaking Hands. Also it offered annual Salaries to all Celebrities who refrained

These need Relief.

from reading long-winded Papers to helpless Clubs.

A special Fund was set aside for the purpose of having Children in the Public Schools taught, by means of Charts, the Deadly Effects of the Lap Supper.

Then the Society offered a Bounty of Two Dollars for the Scalp of any Person guilty of Amateur Theatricals, and a Reward of $100 for the Body, dead or alive, of any one proposing a Lady Minstrel Show.

A diamond-encrusted Brooch was offered to every Young Woman who would pledge herself never to sing anything that she learned at the Conservatory.

Special Endowments were offered to Colleges on condition that Graduates should not be permitted to arise on a Hot Day and quote from Emerson.

A large Sum was set aside to secure the passage of a Law prohibiting the sale of Flutes to any one except a German employed in an Orchestra.

Society Leaders were quietly bribed to

This should be suppressed.

circulate the Report that Party Calls were no longer fashionable.

A Hall of Fame was established for Bridal Couples that refused to take Presents and cut out the Reception at the Home of her Parents.

Then the Multi-Millionaire inaugurated a Grand Movement for the final Emancipation of those who wear Dress Clothes. He worked on the Legislature to set aside three Days in every Week for the private use of those who want to do as they please without being pulled and hauled. Any one who broke in on these days with Invitations was liable to Prosecution, the Penalty being a Fine or Imprisonment, or both.

By the time this practical Reformer had spent a couple of Millions helping the unfortunate Upper Classes to throw off the Shackles, he was the most popular Character in the Country.

His heroic Example induced many weak and faltering Souls to swear off on the Entertainments that had been slowly but surely leading them towards the Foolish House.

After he passed away, his Statue was set up in every Park and his Birthday was observed in the Public Schools with a Half-Holiday instead of a Programme of Recitations and Speeches.

MORAL: Some People are too Polite to call for Help.

The Fable of the Old Fox and the Young Fox.

AFTER he had lived in Town for many Years and had come to know the Animals and their Ways, even to the occasional Running Amuck of the Bulls and Bears, the Old Fox had gathered to himself a few Hard Lessons which he set down for the Instruction and Betterment of Fox, Jr. One Day he took his Young One into the Private Office for a Session of Fatherly Advice.

"I have a few Nuggets of Truth," said the Old Fox, showing some loose Scraps of Paper on which he had written. "I hesitate to offer them, for, if I remember correctly, the Member of our Family who was best Posted on Business Epigrams went under as far back as 1873. Still, some of these may help you. The Work of turning them out has been a pleasurable Respite from my ordinary Routine. Proverbs are easily Manufactured, my Son. They are Self-Evident Truths, blooming in the Garden of Inexperience. Those which happen to be the right Length to fit into Copy-Books are most likely to Endure.

Forty Years Ago I was competent to turn out Dozens of Maxims and Proverbs, each glistering with Truth. You are in the Fluff of Youth, while I am marked with Gray, yet doubtless you could give me Cards and Spades in the Making of Precepts for the Guidance of the Immature. The dear little Girls in the Grammar-Schools write Essays in which Mighty Conclusions are linked together end to end, Emerson Fashion. With one Reading of Poor Richard and some timely Inspiration from Rochefoucauld and Hazlitt, any Upstart may set down our Common Weaknesses and catalogue a full Set of Danger Signals. The Letter of Advice has been the easiest Form of Composition from the time of Chesterfield. However, in preparing you to go out and be of the City Tribe, and come Home each Night with your Brush unbedraggled and your cool, smooth Nose unmarked by Scratches, I flatter myself that I have omitted the usual Rigamarole of Weighty Instructions, my Experience having convinced me that the machine-made Proverb

is seldom brought out except to be Misapplied."

"Thank you, Father," said the Young Fox. "I am glad that you have saved yourself the Trouble of formulating the Generalities for which the Rising Generation is always prepared. I have fixed up for my own Use a Set of Rules which, doubtless, is more Comprehensive and Beautiful than anything you could put together at your Time of Life."

Saying which, the Young Fox showed a pretty Morocco-Leather Booklet, made to fit the Waistcoat Pocket, in which he had written many meaty Paragraphs, the Substance of the same having been deduced from what he had read of the Struggle for Existence.

"Read a few Selections," said the Old Fox, with a Tolerant Smile. "I love to hear the resounding Conclusions of an Oracle."

"But I am not an Oracle," said the Young Fox, modestly. "I am not even an Authority. I am only a bright Juvenile who has sorted out the Essentials for Success and set them down neatly with my Fountain-Pen."

"Do not flatter yourself that I credit you with the Authorship of any of the Matter contained in your little Book," said the Old Fox. "We do not intend to Plagiarize, but all of us absorb our pet Proverbs from the Text-Books, the learned Monthlies, and the Editorial Page. We paraphrase Benjamin Franklin, and put Two and Two together to make Four, and change a Preposition, and presto! the Old Saw seems to be a new Truth evolved without Help or Suggestion. No doubt you have written in your little Guide to Life that a Youthful Frugality insures Comfort throughout the Declining Years, and a Good Name is better than Riches, and to be sure you are Right before you go Ahead."

"Not in those Words, I assure you," said the Young Fox, somewhat testily. "It is true, however, that I have composed certain General Directions in favor of Honesty, Temperance, Economy, Punctuality, Candor, Politeness, and Business Caution."

"All Men declare for these Admirable Traits in their Pocket Note-Books," said the

Old Fox. "And no sooner is the Ink dry than they are led astray by the Caprice of Small Happenings. The Trouble with a world-wide Maxim or a great bulky Truth is that it does not dovetail nicely into the Exigencies of a Petty Case. Here at the beginning of the Twentieth Century, my Son, when all Endeavor is being subdivided and specialized, a Technical Instruction under a Sub-Head has more Practical Value than a huge Proverb that has come bumping down the Ages. The Health Officer who tells you in a terse Bulletin to boil your Drinking-Water does you an Actual Service and the Results are immediate, as the Bacilli can testify. But you might have to hunt around all Day without finding an Opportunity to make use of Mr. Emerson's tremendous Suggestion, 'Hitch your Wagon to a Star.' I am not poking Fun at the Large Rules for Conduct, but I beg to remark that very often you will find that they are Shelf Ornaments instead of Working-Tools kept bright by Use. Like the other Classics of our Literature, they are

profoundly respected and seldom Utilized. What you need now, my Son," continued the Old Fox, " is a Set of Proverbs, Precepts, and Maxims brought up to Date and peculiarly adapted to an Era of Horseless Carriages, Limited Trains, Colonial Extension, Corners in Grain, the Booming of New Authors, Combinations of Capital, the Mushroom Growth of an Aristocracy of Wealth, and the Reign of Tailor-Made Clothes. A Majority of the Points to which I shall call your Attention may seem to be Frivolous and hardly worth while, but, as I have already intimated, it is the small Rule, made to fit the Individual Instance, that proves most valuable in the Long Run. Years ago I made a silly little Rule, as follows: 'Never extend Credit to any one who wears a Blue Necktie.' Childish, say you? Perhaps, but it has saved me Thousands of Dollars. If you will give sincere Heed to what I have inscribed here, you may be able to duplicate my magnificent Career."

Fox, Jr., took the Slips of Paper and read as follows:

1. Get acquainted with the Heads of Departments and permit the Subordinates to become acquainted with you.

2. Always be easily Familiar with those who are termed Great in the Public Prints. They are so accustomed to Deference and Humility, it is a positive Relief to meet a jaunty Equal.

3. As soon as you get an Office of your own, put in a Private Exit, marked, "Escape in Case of a Dear Friend with an Invitation to Dinner."

4. The first Sign of Extravagance is to buy Trousers that one does not need. Every Young Man on a Salary should beware of the Trousers Habit.

5. If you were Cut Out to be a homely American, with a preference for Turnips and Tea Biscuit, do not attempt to Live It Down. The most pathetic Object this year is the Man who wants to be a Degenerate and can't quite make it.

6. A Bird in the Hand may be worth Two in the Bush, but remember also that a Bird

in the Hand is a positive Embarrassment to one not in the Poultry Business.

7. Do not give Alms promiscuously. Select the Unworthy Poor and make them Happy. To give to the Deserving is a Duty, but to help the Improvident, Drinking Class is clear Generosity, so that the Donor has a Right to be warmed by a Selfish Pride and count on a most flattering Obituary.

8. There is Everything in a Name. A Rose by any other Name would Smell as Sweet, but would not cost half as much during the Winter Months. This means that you should get a Trade-Mark and keep it displayed on the Bulletin Boards.

9. Never try to get into Society, so-called. Those who Try seldom get in, and if they do edge through the Portals they always feel Clammy and Unworthy when under the Scrutiny of the Elect. Sit outside and appear Indifferent, and after a while they may Send for you. If not, it will be Money in your Pocket.

10. All the Apostles of Repose and the

Mental Scientists tell the Business Slave to avoid Worry, but an old Trader's Advice is to Worry until you have had enough of it and then do something Desperate.

11. Never write when you can Telegraph, and in Wiring always use more than Ten Words. This is the Short-Cut to being regarded as a Napoleon. The Extra Words cost only a few Cents, but they make a Profound Impression upon the Recipient and give the Sender a Standing which could not be obtained by an Expenditure of Four Dollars for a Birthday Gift. A Man never feels more Important than when he receives a Telegram containing more than Ten Words.

12. Remember that the latest Outline for a Business Career is to Rush and Bustle and Strain to accumulate enough Money to pay your Expenses to Carlsbad or Southern California after you have dropped from Overwork. The only Failure is the one who Breaks Down without having got together his Recuperation Fund.

13. An Ounce of Prevention is worth a

Pound of Cure and costs more. Don't attempt to prevent Trouble or you will lose your Eyesight watching so many Corners at the same time. Wait until Trouble comes and then consult a Specialist.

14. When a Man is in a New Town his Prospects are determined (1) by the class of Hotel at which he is registered, (2) by his Wardrobe, (3) by the Style of his Business Card, and (4) by the Manner of his Address.

15. A Rolling Stone gathers no Moss and therefore will not be derided as a Moss-Back. Roll as much as possible.

16. If you must Economize, dispense with some of the Necessities. You can bear up under the Realization that the Gas Company knows of your keeping the Jets turned low, but if you go out of a Café followed by the Reproachful Gaze of a Waiter who regards you as Stingy, you will feel Small and Unhappy for Hours afterward and your Work will suffer.

17. It has been accepted as a Law that there can be no absolute Waste of Energy,

but you will be putting the Law to a Severe Test if you permit yourself to be drawn into a political Controversy on a Sleeping-Car with a Stranger who wears a wide Slouch-Hat.

18. The Shorter the Hours, the Larger the Income. Don't get into the Habit of putting in Long Hours or you may be set down into a permanent Subordinate Position.

19. When you believe that you love a Young Woman so earnestly that you will have to Marry her, take a Long Ride on the Cars to find out if the Affection endures while you are Travelling. The Beauty of this Test is that if you really Love her, you never will start on the Trip by yourself.

20. If you expect to be a popular After-Dinner Speaker, don't attempt to work at anything else. That is a sufficiently large Contract for one brief Existence.

21. If you take care to Pronounce correctly the Words usually Mispronounced, you may have the Self-Love of the Purist, but you will not sell any Goods.

22. Never accuse a Man of being Lazy.

There is no such thing as Laziness. If a Man does not go about his work with Enthusiasm, it means that he has not yet found the Work that he likes. Every Mortal is a Busy Bee when he comes to the Task that Destiny has set aside for him.

23. Early to Bed and Early to Rise is a Bad Rule for any one who wishes to become acquainted with our most Prominent and Influential People.

24. Always interline a Contract before signing it, merely to impress the Party of the First Part. The one who puts his Signature to Articles of Agreement drawn up by the Other Fellow is establishing a Dangerous Precedent.

25. Never pretend to have Money except when you are in Straits. The Poor Man who pretends to have a Bank Account betters his Credit and takes no Risk. But the Prosperous Individual who counts his Money in the Street, forthwith will be invited to attend a Charity Bazar.

"Is that all?" asked the Young Fox, when he had concluded the reading.

"I thought that would be enough for one Dose," replied the Old Fox.

"But you have not put in anything about depositing a certain Sum in the Bank every Week," said Fox, Jr. "I had always supposed that was the inevitable No. 1 of Parental Suggestions."

"I omitted that time-honored Instruction because I hope you will keep your Money out of the Bank," said the Old Fox. "It is so easy to sign Checks. If you find a Surplus accumulating, go in for Life Insurance, and then you may reasonably hope for the allotted Threescore and Ten Years."

And the Young Fox took the Truth Tablets out to have them Framed.

MORAL: Even the Elders can give a number of Helpful Hints.

THE END.

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